

THE ADVANTAGES of EARLY TRAINING



Her Error.
"Miss Rotoskowskowitz," he said tenderly, "how would you like to change your name?"
"It is so sudden," said the fair young thing, falling into his lap.
"Nay," he said, pushing her to her feet, "it is not so sudden. On the contrary you will find that there is considerable red tape to be gone through. In the first place, you must consider what name you will select in place of your own. In the second, you must file an application, giving your reasons, with the United States Commissioner at"—
But the poor girl had fainted dead away.

Added Them Together.
HAZEL—Who invented the superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number?
NUTTE—Some fellow at sixes and sevens with the world.

In the Sunny South.
TOURIST—I understand you are making a valiant effort to stop lynching.
NATIVE—Yes, sah. We propose hereafter to hang every lyncher we can catch, sah.

On a Check.
CHOLLY WINGS—I can't find words to express my love for you.
KITTEE KICKER—Well, figures will do.

Two Great Classes.

"Mankind," said the teacher, "is divided into two great classes. Name them."
"The people what rides bicycles," said the prize scholar, "and them what gets run over."

Quite a Drop.

"Lord Brokeleigh at first demanded five hundred thousand dollars to marry Miss De Billyuns, but he finally fell to one hundred thousand."

"Then it was a case of falling in love after all."

Even Thing.

"He struck me over the forehead with his fist, Yure Anner," complained the officer.
"Well, Your Honor, he browbeat me first," said the prisoner. And the judge decided it an even thing.

His Purpose.

"Lend me your knife a moment."
"What for?"
"I went to sharpen one of these pencils that you don't need a knife to sharpen with."

Had Searched the Bible.

I was riding along through a wild part of Carter County, Kentucky, when I met an old man with a coonskin cap on his head, a gun on his shoulder, a hound at his heels and a shrewd look in his eyes.
He had a triumphant smile on his face as he motioned me to halt.

"Mister," he said, "I've caught 'em all in a durned lie!"
"Who are you referring to?" I asked in wonderment.

"My neighbors—Jim Anderson, Tom Stacey, Mike Davis and George Lykins. Caught 'em every one in a lie, an' I'm goin' down to the still now ter let 'em know I've got 'em in a trap. They think they're jist as sharp as fresh-ground bowies, but they don't know nuthin'!"

Here the wrinkles of his old face writhed and twisted into an expression of exalted triumph.

"How did you catch them?" I asked.
"Wall, durn 'em, they all double-teamed on me yesterday, 'cause they knowed that, take 'em one at a time, I knowed more hist'ry than the whole bilin' crowd. Wall, they all come at me to once, an' proved it by one another that ole Ginerel Jackson was dead."

"Indeed? And you can prove to the contrary, can you?" I asked.

"Why, sartintly, sartintly, stranger! Ye see, I went home an' took down the Bible an' sarched an' sarched all night. I found whar Aberham had sild off; I found whar Moses had keeled over; I found whar David give life the slip; I found whar Jacob kicked the bucket; I found whar Solomon turned up his toes, an' whar Nebberchanuzzar foundered on grass an' kerflumfuxed, but from lid ter lid, from Ginerfluxions to Reverberations, not a dad-gasted word about the droppin' off uv ther grand old Ginerel!"

Spring Drawbacks.

Oh, merry month of May!
Why were you ever sent?
Then chills and fever come to stay.
And landlords raise the rent.

Only a Temporary Thing.

JONES—My wife and I are perfectly happy.
BROWN—Married this week or last?

An Old Maid's Even-Song.

When sinks the golden orb of day,
And tollers plod their homeward way,
Across the street a female gray
Pours out this sad, heart-broken lay:

"I'm husbandless and sick at heart;
Sad tears drop from my eyes;
I'm longing for a man—a man—
A mansion in the skies."

"My youth and beauty both have gone;
My friends have all departed,
And I am broke—and I am broke—
And I am broken-hearted."

"Long time I've roamed this vale of tears;
No more I wish to roam;
So take this pill—oh, take this pill—
Oh, take this pilgrim home."

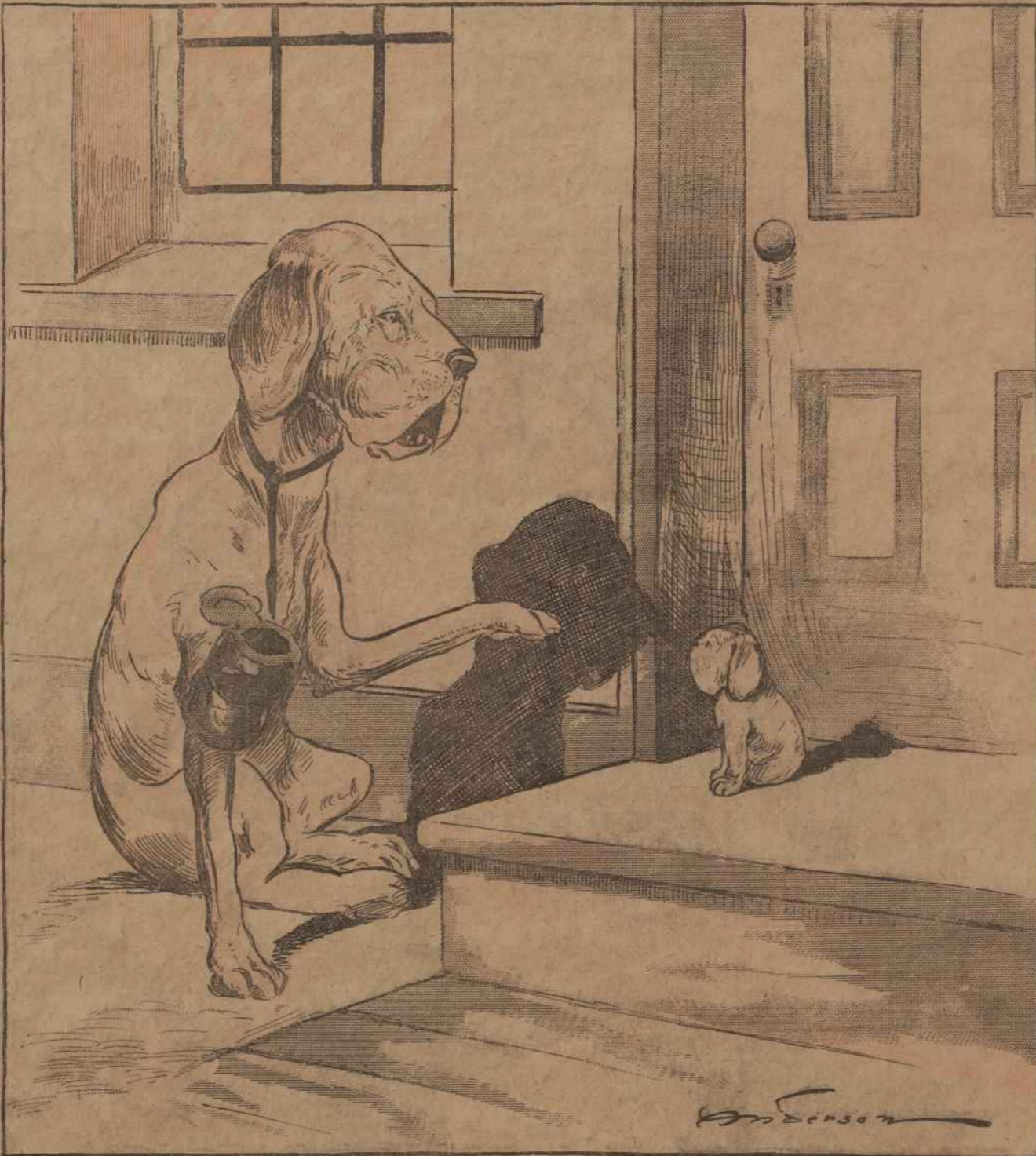
Quite Likely.

CHOLLY—I make it a point never to talk more than ten minutes with any one person.
ETHEL COLDEAL—So as not to tell all you know, I suppose.

A Great Discovery.

UNCLE SILAS (looking at the sign "Woman's Exchange")—B'gosh, if I'd knowed of this place before I'd a swapped Sal long afore this.

IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE.



MOTHER DOG—Now, my son, sit up on the front steps and cry to be let in.
PUP—But why should I want to be let in, ma?
MOTHER—So you can sit in the front hall and cry to be let out again.

Constitutional Provision.

CITIZEN—Why do you legislators enact such stringent, foolish laws?

LEGISLATOR—So as to give youse fellers de chanct to go inter pursuit of life, liberty an' happiness as provided by de Constitootshun of the United States.

A SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN.



GLACKWELL—Nankens made \$100,000 last year.
MISS WANTOKNOW—How was that?
GLACKWELL—He insured himself for \$100,000 and then worked himself to death.

Why He Hesitated.

Why does this man stand upon the sidewalk trembling with terror, afraid to enter his own home?

Listen and I will tell you.
This afternoon at 3 o'clock he received a letter from his bank asking him to step around and pay a note that was due. He scribbled the following answer upon a slip of paper:

"Can't possibly do it. Got to meet another little thing this afternoon that won't be put off."
About the same time a messenger boy brought him a note from his wife asking him to meet her at his office at 4 to go with her to the dentist's.
Of course he got the answers mixed, and he is wondering whether he had better attempt an explanation or strike out for Cuba.

Not Like a Dress.

FIRST NEW WOMAN—There's one great drawback to bloomers.

SECOND NEW WOMAN—What's that?
"You can't conceal things from your husband by putting them in your pocket."

A Good Deal for a Physician.

THE DOMINIE—What's in a name?
THE DOCTOR—Considerable from my standpoint. How could I charge for nervousness what I extract for neurasthenia?

Blufferton's Plait.

"Women are always monkeying with the impossible," growled old Blufferton, as he rubbed a "crick" out of his back.
"Here's my W. C. T. U. wife out-to-day putting down the rum traffic when she'd order be putting down carpets."

Terrible.

"I hear the widow's grief at the funeral was something terrible."

"Oh, terrible. Half a dozen times she broke down and stopped crying altogether. But then her husband's death was so sudden! She was wholly unprepared, of course."

Understood.

HE—I cannot live without you!
SHE—Are you so badly in debt as that?

Zoological.

"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the first class in grammar.
"Things that grow on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.

She Was a School Teacher.

The cable car was crowded, mostly by men, and when the large and determined-looking woman entered they did not all arise to offer her a seat. In fact no one did, whereat she flushed an angry red, and reaching up caught hold of a strap with a vicious clutch.

This was too much for a meek looking young gentleman, and he rose and, touching his hat, said: "Will you take my seat?"

For a moment she glared at him, and then, with schoolmarm precision of speech, she said: "In the first place it is not your seat."

He looked as guilty as if he had been caught in the act of stealing it, and actually cowered before her stern gaze.

"That seat," she went on, "is the property of the company that operates this road."

"Tha-a-at's so, ma'am," he faltered, coloring with embarrassment as he felt the eyes of his fellow-passengers upon him, "but will—will you take it?"

"Where?" she shouted in tragic tones. "Answer me that. Where shall I take it?"

He could not answer her query, and he looked as if he wished his parents had never married. Her stern gaze never relaxed, nor did she make any attempt to accept his offer, but went on: "And even if I tried to take it, how could I?"

Looking like a fool, he slunk toward the door, and then, having made herself clear, she said in a more pleasant manner:

"Young man, I'm a school teacher and I make my living at it, but I've given you a lesson in precision of expression that shall cost you nothing. I want take your seat, but I'll sit down."

"Madam," said he, as he slid the rear door open, "when I got up you sat down—on me."

And the worm, having turned, shut the door and left the woman to her questionable triumph.

His Business.

JUDGE—What is your occupation?
PRISONER (who was caught in a gambling house raid)—I'm a locksmith.

JUDGE—What was you doing in there when the officers entered?

PRISONER—I was making a bolt for the door.

THE JOURNAL KINETOSCOPE

THE MYSTERIOUS BEHAVIOR OF A Seltzer Bottle.



Taken At The Rate Of A Million A Minute.